

That with her angrie tayle belabors him
for being lazie
Sopho. His warlike launce
bent like a crosse bow lath, alas the while
Tranio. His courage quencht, and so farre quencht
Petrus. 'Tis well Sir,
Tranio. That anie priuie S^t. euen small S^t. Dauid
may lash him with a leeke.
Petrus. What then?
Sopho. fly, fly, quoth then, the fearefull dwarfe,
here is no place for liuing man.
Petrus. Well my masters if I doe sinke vnder my busines,
as I find 'tis very possible, I am not the first
that has miscaried so, that's my comfort
what may be done without impeach or wast / Enter Iaques.
I can or will doe. How now? is my fayre bride a bed?
Iaques. No truly Sir.
Petrus. Not a bed yet? body a me, wee'll vp and rifle her,
here's a coyle with a maienchead, 'tis not intayld,
is yet?
Petrus. If it be, He try all the law ith land, but He cut it of,
lets vp, lets vp, come.
Iaques. That you cannot neither.
Petrus. Why?
Iaques. Vnlasse you'd drop through the chimney like a daw,
or force a breach ith windores, you may vntile the
house, 'tis possible.
Petrus. What dost thou meane?
Iaques. A morall Sir, the ballat will expresse it
the wind and the rayne, has turn'd you back againe,
ye cannot be lodged there, the truth is

All

All the doores are barricadoes, not a cat hole
but holds a murder int, she's victuall'd
for this month.
Petrus. Art thou not drunck?
Sopho. He's drunke, he's drunke, come come lett's vp.
Iaques. Yes yes, I am drunke, ye may goe vp, ye may
gentlemen, but take heed to your heads, I say no more.
Sopho. He try that— Exit Sophocles.
Petrus. How dost thou say, the doore fast lockt, fellow.
Iaques. Yes truly, Sir, 'tis lockt and guarded to, and two as desperate
tongues planted behind it, as are yet bawd: they stand vpon
their honors, and will not giue vp without strange composition;
He assure you, marching away with their peeces cockt and
bullets in their mouths will not satisfie them.
Petrus. How's this? how's this? they are,
Is there another with her?
Iaques. Yes marry is there, and an Enginier.
Moro. Who's that for loues sake?
Iaques. Colonell Bianca she commands the workes, Spinola's but a
ditcher to her; there's a halfe moone. I am a poore man, but if
you'd giue me leaue, sir, He venture a yeares wages, draw all yo^r.
force before it, & mount your ablest peece of battery, you shall
not enter int these three nights yet.
Petrus. I should laugh at that good Iaques, Enter Sopho.
Sopho. Beate back again, she's fortified for euer.
Iaques. Am I drunke now, Sir.
Sopho. He that dares most, goe vp now, and be cold.
I haue scapt a pretty scouring
Petrus. What are they mad, haue we another Bedlam
She doth not talke I hope.
Sopho. Oh terribly, extreamply, fearefully, the noyse

at